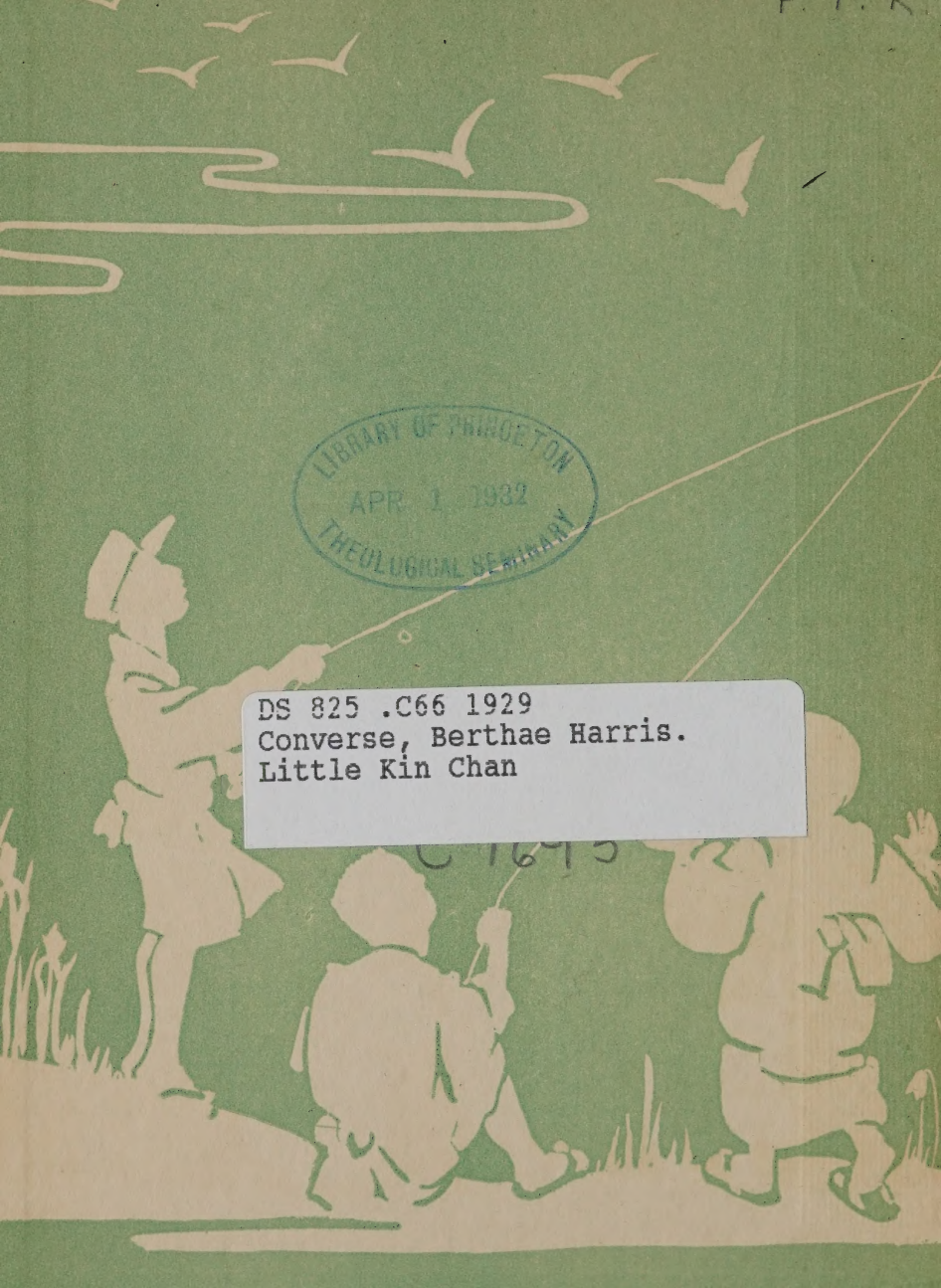
LITTLE KIN CHAN

BERTHAE HARRIS CONVERSE



LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
APR 1 1932
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

DS 825 .C66 1929
Converse, Berthae Harris.
Little Kin Chan

To the Book Editor:

This book is submitted to you for review.

A marked copy of your periodical containing notice will be sincerely appreciated.

PRICE:

Cloth 1.25

Paper _____

FRIENDSHIP PRESS
150 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Date _____

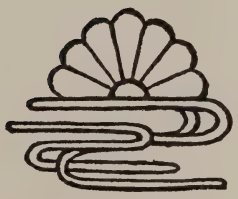
LITTLE KIN CHAN

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
APR 1 1932
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

LITTLE KIN CHAN

BY

BERTHAE HARRIS CONVERSE



Illustrated by
CLARA SCHNEDER

FRIENDSHIP PRESS - NEW YORK

Copyright, 1929
by G. Q. LeSourd
Printed in the United States of America

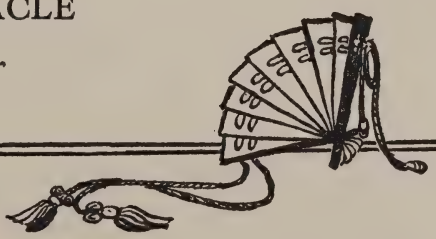
TO THE REAL

LITTLE KIN CHAN

AND HER FRIENDS WHO
CAME SO OFTEN TO THE
HOUSE-WITH-CHAIRS

CONTENTS

LITTLE KIN CHAN	3
THE MYSTERY OF THE RED GETA	12
THE O HINA MATSURI	26
MAY DAY	41
THE GOOD LUCK BEANS	54
THE CHRISTMAS PLAY	72
THE MIRACLE	88
GLOSSARY	100



LITTLE KIN CHAN

Arrah—where is my little girl?

LITTLE KIN CHAN

LITTLE KIN CHAN'S mother slid open the door very softly and looked in. There was the bed-on-the-floor, just as she expected, but from where she knelt not one trace of Little Kin Chan could be seen.

"Arrah!" she said, "where is my little girl?" Then she rose from her knees and went into the room, and there between many soft comforters which were below the bottom sheet, and many soft blankets which were above the top sheet, she saw a little black spot and that was the top of Little Kin Chan's head.

Little Kin Chan is a Japanese girl. When she was a tiny baby her mother and father had a hard time finding a name for her. None of the names seemed quite good enough. At last her father

said, "Let's call her Kin, for that is one of the most beautiful and precious things in the world." So they named her Kin, and everybody called her Little Kin Chan, which means Little Miss Gold.

"Kin Chan, Kin Chan," called her mother, "wake up! It's time for morning rice." Little Kin Chan stuck out one foot from under the warm blankets and drew it back again.

"Boo!" she said.

Her mother laughed. "That sounds like English."

"Well," said Little Kin Chan, "we sing it in a song about Jack Frost when we go to the house-with-chairs."

Little Kin Chan lived in the house-with-many-windows. Outside was a lovely garden where beautiful flowers bloomed and many birds sang, and a little brook went murmuring all the day. She called the brook the *Uta no ƙawa,* which

means the brook of songs. In the summer, when Kin Chan played in the garden, it sang songs of its home in the hills, and at night it sang lullabies which the wind had taught it. Around the garden was a high stone wall, with a gate of carved wood which had a straw thatch over it. At night the tall gate was closed and the windows were all closed. But in the daytime they were opened, and it was like living right out in the garden.

Now it was winter, and the flowers were waiting for the spring. The birds had gone south, and the little brook ran slowly, as though it were sleepy with the cold.

"Kiku," called Little Kin Chan's mother, "please air the O Jo San's bed and then fold it away on the shelves." Kiku picked up the blankets, comforters and sheets of the bed-on-the-floor, and hung them out of doors on the railing of the

veranda, and then came back to sweep the floor with a short broom. Kiku lived in the house-with-many-windows with Little Kin Chan and her mother. She boiled the rice and helped keep the house shining like a new pin.

Little Kin Chan's father was in England. He had been there ever and ever so long, since she was a little girl, and now she was a big girl, graduating from the kindergarten. Her mother and she prayed every day that he might come back soon, for it was very lonely without him.

On the hill behind the house-with-many-windows the Missionary Lady lived in the house-with-chairs. She loved little children very much, so twice a week Little Kin Chan and ten other children went to the house-with-chairs to learn English and play games. They also went there on Sunday for Sunday school, because there was no church in that neighborhood.

In the house-with-many-windows there were no stoves. There were only large brass fire bowls with bright red charcoal burning on top of the ashes. These kept Little Kin Chan's hands as warm as toast. Her kimonos, both the day and night ones, were lined with very warm silk wadding, so she was never cold.

Her mother had just finished dressing Little Kin Chan in the blue kimono, and had tied her sash, called an obi, in a beautiful bow behind, brushed her bobbed black hair till it shone, and tied a really gorgeous bow of blue ribbon on one side, when Kiku came to the door.

"The morning rice is served," she said.

Her mother put a white apron over Little Kin Chan's blue kimono to keep it tidy, and then they went back into her room again. The bed-on-the-floor had been folded away on the closet shelves, everything was swept and clean, and Kiku had

placed a tiny table in front of the large red pillow on which Little Kin Chan sat while she ate her breakfast.

Little Kin Chan knelt down upon the pillow and her mother knelt beside her. They bowed their heads, and Kin Chan said, "Ten no Kami Sama, arigato gozaimasu," which means, "Father in Heaven, thank you very much," for Kin Chan and her mother were Christians. Then Kiku brought a blue bowl full of rice, white and snowy, two tiny wooden sticks, called hashi, with which to eat it, a shiny black bowl full of bean soup, and that was Little Kin Chan's breakfast.

When she had eaten two bowls of rice and almost two bowls of soup, the front door bell went ting-a-ling.

"I wonder who that can be," said her mother. Soon Kiku came and called her, and Little Kin Chan was left alone.

When her mother returned she had a basket on her arm, and a funny little smile on her lips.

From the basket came queer sounds. "Wan, wan, wan, gr-r-r-r," said the basket. Little Kin Chan was wondering and wondering what it could be. When her mother put the basket down on the floor and took off the cover, out popped a fuzzy black head. "Wan, wan, wan," it said. Then out popped a white head with one black ear. "Gr-r-r," said the white fuzzy head. Then two black paws followed the black head, and out jumped a funny, fat, fuzzy black puppy dog. He rolled over on his back and wagged his stump of a black tail and shouted, "Wan, wan, wan," at the top of his lungs. Then out jumped a funny, fat, fuzzy white puppy dog with one black ear, one black paw, and stump of a black tail. He was a funny one. "Gr-r-r-r," he shouted at the top of his lungs, and backed himself into the corner.

"The Missionary Lady sent them down for you to take your choice if you want one," said her mother.

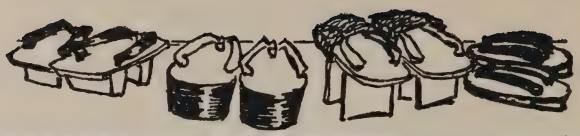
"Oh, look, Mother!" said Little Kin Chan. "See the white one walking backward like a crab. Isn't he funny?" Her mother bent down and tried to catch him, but he only backed further into the corner, and repeated, "Gr-r-r-r!"

Just then Kiku came into the room. "I'll get him," she said, and went into the kitchen. Presently she came back bringing a plate of rice. "I think this will bring him out," she laughed, placing it on the floor.

As soon as black puppy dog saw that plate of rice, he ran toward it as fast as ever his fat legs could carry him and began eating with all his might and main. When the white one saw him he stopped saying "Gr-r-r-r," sniffed the air, and came running so fast that he tumbled on his fat

funny fuzzy nose. But he picked himself up, and he too began eating with all his might and main.

"Oh, Mother," cried Little Kin Chan when she could stop laughing, "let's keep the crab one, I do like him the best." And that is how the Crab came to live in the house-with-many-windows, along with Little Kin Chan and her mother and Kiku.



THE MYSTERY OF THE RED GETA

"CLACK-CLACKETY, clack-clackety," went Kiku's geta on the stone pavement outside the house-with-many-windows.

"Click-clickety, click-clickety," went Little Kin Chan's geta as she walked beside her.

"Pitty-pattity, pitty-pattity," went the Crab's soft little paws as he walked beside Little Kin Chan.

Down the flagged walk they went, out of the big gate that led into the street, and then clack-clackety, click-clickety, pitty-pattity, away they all went toward the town.

Little Kin Chan's geta clicked very proudly indeed that morning. Tomorrow she would grad-

uate from kindergarten, and she and Kiku were on their way to buy a new pair of geta to wear to the graduating exercises. Soon they came to the street where the shops were. Over one shop was a large sign: GETA SHOP, it said.

There was a show window and inside the window were a lot of little white stones, almost as small as sands on the seashore, and on the stones were placed many pairs of new geta; large geta for grown-ups and small geta for little girls. Little Kin Chan pointed excitedly, and grabbed Kiku's arm. "There! Like those red ones," she said.

As Kiku slid open the shop door, a bell tinkled. "Go men nasai—I beg your pardon," said Kiku, as they went inside.

A man came from the back of the store. He knelt and bowed to Little Kin Chan and Kiku. They sat down on some stools which stood on the

pavement below the place where the man knelt. The Crab sat down on the pavement and wagged his stump of a black tail.

"We are wanting some red geta for the O Jo san," explained Kiku.

"Would you like them with rubber heels?" inquired the man. "They are very hai-kara, and comfortable for walking."

"Please set them out," said Kiku, "so that we may see them."

The man got up from his knees, went to the back of the store, slid open a little door, and came back with the darlingest little pair of geta that Little Kin Chan had ever seen. They were made of red lacquer, with rubber soles and rubber heels. They had purple velvet thongs through which to slip the toes, and best of all they had little bells, cunningly hidden underneath, so that when she walked they sang, "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle."

"Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-aa!" said Little Kin Chan. "Could I have those, Kiku?"

"How much money would they cost?" Kiku asked the store man.

"Three yen and forty sen," he replied.

"That is a very high price to pay for a little girl's geta," began Kiku, and Little Kin Chan's happy look vanished as if by magic. The Crab stopped thumping his tail and looked reproachfully at Kiku.

"But," she continued, "we can only graduate from kindergarten once in this life, so we will buy them." Back came the happy look, and the Crab began his thumping again.

After the man had wrapped the geta in a beautiful paper with pictures on it and tied them with a red and white cord, they looked like a Christmas present. Kiku wrapped the package in her furoshiki, and clack-clackety, click-clickety,

pitty-pattity, back they went to the house-with-many-windows.

Around the house in the side garden they found Little Kin Chan's mother waiting for them. Little Kin Chan put on the new red geta and went tinkling up and down on the stepping stones, just to show her mother how beautiful they were, and then Kiku carried them around to the front door and placed them on the floor of the entrance to the house-with-many-windows. There they were to wait until the next morning, when Little Kin Chan would wear them to the graduating exercises.

She did not wear them inside the house. Oh, dear me, no! No one ever wears her shoes, not even beautiful red lacquer ones with purple velvet thongs and tinkly bells, inside the house; not even inside the kindergarten. There they would be

placed with all the other children's geta, outside in the kindergarten entrance.

The next morning Little Kin Chan rose very early. There was no keeping her in her bed-on-the-floor long that morning. After her bath and her breakfast, her mother dressed her very carefully. First she put on her red petticoat, then a flowered silk under-kimono with a white collar and flowing sleeves. On top of that she put a white silk kimono, and, last of all, her mon-tsu-ski, a black silk kimono with the family crest embroidered on the shoulders and the middle of the back. Her sash was of stiff, red silk brocade with gold thread and tied in the back like a huge butterfly. On her feet she wore snowy white socks, with a place for her big toe, like the thumb of a mitten. Her mother tied a new red hair-ribbon on her hair and she was ready.

"Now," said her mother, "we had better practise a little, to be sure you know how to make your bows. This will be the platform. I'll be the teacher, and this comb will be your diploma."

Little Kin Chan giggled so at the idea of the comb being her diploma, that she fell off the cushion on which she was sitting and mussed her hair and Kiku had to comb it all over again. When she could stop giggling, she stood up solemnly, took ten steps, made a low bow, walked three more steps, made another bow, and took the comb from her mother's outstretched hand. Then she began to giggle again. This time she laughed so hard that her mother and Kiku had to laugh, too.

At last her mother wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes, and said, "This will never do. When you go up to get your diploma, you'll think of me and the comb, and laugh right out in the

meeting. I think we had better stop practising."

When the time came to go and they were all ready, off they started; her mother and Little Kin Chan ahead, Kiku a wee bit behind, and the Crab, whom they all thought safely shut up at home, quietly walking behind Kiku.

The new little geta tinkled along happily, and when they reached the kindergarten Little Kin Chan placed them carefully alongside all the other little pairs of geta, and then she and Mother went into the gaily decorated room.

It was always a sunny room, bright with flowers, but today it looked like fairyland. The platform was a mass of azaleas. Many colored flags were festooned across the room, and gay streamers of paper ribbons hung from the chandeliers. The kindergarten chairs were all placed on one side of the aisle leading to the platform, and large chairs for the guests were placed on the other side. The

children sat on the little chairs all dressed in black mon-tsu-ski. The boys wore long divided skirts of stiff black silk, and haori coats with the family crest on shoulders and back; and the girls all were dressed like Little Kin Chan. The only color was in the sashes and the flaunting hair-ribbons, and these, like the rainbow, were every color in the world. The guests, with Little Kin Chan's mother among them, sat on the big chairs, and the teachers on the flower-crowded platform.

Suddenly the piano sounded. All the mon-tsu-ski stood up. "Kimi ga yo wa," sang the children. The commencement exercises had begun. There were many games and songs such as they had in kindergarten every day.

Then the head teacher told them a story of the time when there were no kindergartens in Japan. She told how a young American girl left her home and country and her dear father and

mother and came across the great sea to start the first kindergarten and train the first teachers. That story always made Little Kin Chan very happy, and her heart felt very grateful to that young foreign lady.

She was still thinking about it when she saw the head teacher stand up and begin to read the names of those in the graduating class. There were twelve girls and ten boys. Little Kin Chan's heart began to turn flip-flops. She never could go up when her name was called and get her diploma as the others were doing. Then she heard the teacher's voice: "Sato Kin San."

She felt as if she were glued to the chair. Something was the matter with her legs. She couldn't stand up. Miserably she lifted her eyes to where her mother sat among the guests. Her mother was smiling at her, sitting very straight and holding an imaginary comb in her hand.

A grin spread itself over Little Kin Chan's face. All at once she came unglued. Up the aisle she marched. A few steps away from the platform she remembered, stopped, made her bow, took three more steps, and made another bow. When her diploma was safely in her hand she walked backward three steps, turned around, smiled at her mother, and went hoppity-skip back to her place among the little chairs. She had graduated.

Finally the closing song was sung, and the graduation was over. Many of her mother's friends came and said "Omedeto" to her, and told her mother what a nice, happy-hearted little girl her little daughter was, and then they started home.

When they came into the entrance way of the kindergarten, Little Kin Chan gave a little cry. "Oh, Mother, my new geta!" Her mother

And so she graduated

looked, and there in the place where they had left two little red geta with purple thongs and singing bells was only one. "Arrah," said Little Kin Chan's mother. They searched and searched, but one little red geta was gone and that was all there was to it.

Tears stood in Little Kin Chan's eyes as her mother finally gave it up and put her in a jinrickshaw and told the man to go slowly, so her mother could walk alongside. She couldn't walk home with "one shoe off and one shoe on." Of course not.

When they reached home and opened the gate, Little Kin Chan's eyes grew round and big as saucers. There on the stone pavement in front of the house was the missing geta. Beside it with his head on his paws and his eyes rolling upward was the Crab.

"How ever do you suppose that geta got back

here?" Little Kin Chan asked. "Woof-woof!" said the Crab. If she had been able to understand him, she might have found out all about it, but so far he has not been able to explain. So Little Kin Chan calls it "The Mystery of the Red Geta."

THE O HINA MATSURI

"SNIFF, sniff, scratch, scratch!" sounded outside the living-room door. Little Kin Chan put her finger on her lip and shook her head at her mother.

"If we keep very still, he'll think we're not here and go away," she said.

It was the third of March. Many things were happening inside of the house-with-many-windows. The old man who worked in the garden had made five steps like shelves all across one side of the living-room and covered them with red

cloth. Kiku had gone to the storehouse and brought back ever and ever so many boxes and placed them on the floor near the shelves. Little Kin Chan and her mother were opening the boxes and taking out dolls; an emperor and an empress doll; three lady and two warrior dolls; old dolls that had belonged to Little Kin Chan's grandmother's mother when she was a little girl, and brand-new dolls which her father had sent her from England. Some of the boxes had in them toy harps and samisens; some had toy dishes and kitchen things; and one had a toy bath-tub with a stove in one end of it, exactly like the one in which Little Kin Chan took her daily bath. There were toy lanterns, and toy trees in tiny tubs, and so many other toys and dolls that it was difficult to count them all.

It was the Doll Festival, or, as Kin Chan called it, O Hina Matsuri, and Little Kin Chan was

helping to arrange the honorable dolls for the first time.

"Sniff, sniff, scratch, scratch!" Again she put her finger on her lip. "We can't have him in here bothering us when we are so busy," she whispered importantly to her mother.

They placed the emperor and empress dolls on the top shelf, making them kneel on straw mats, bordered with red brocade. Behind the emperor and empress were two gilded screens. Then they arranged the other dolls in their proper places on the shelves. Each doll had her own place where she sat every year during the feast of the honorable dolls. Some of them had sat in that same place for over a hundred years. They all belonged to Little Kin Chan but she never played with them. She had other play dolls, but these were the Honorable Dolls that were heirlooms, and would be saved to hand down to her little girls

when she grew up. They would stay on the shelves all through the month of March, and then they would go back to the storehouse to wait until another year should roll round.

"Now," said Little Kin Chan when they were almost through, "I'll go and call Kiku and tell her to bring the cakes. I think the Crab has gone away. I haven't heard him for a long time, have you, Mother?"

Her mother shook her head. They listened for a while, and then Little Kin Chan slid open the door and in rushed the Crab, wagging his stump of a tail and jumping on her with the greatest of joy.

"The Crab knows how to play the game of keeping still as well as we do," laughed her mother. "May he stay if he is good, Kin Chan?"

"Oh, I suppose so, if he won't come bothering,"

she answered, going out in search of Kiku. When she returned, her mother was taking the wrappings from a very ugly china dog with a red silk bib tied under his chin.

"This," she explained as Little Kin Chan came in, "is the very oldest of the toys. It has been in your father's family many years and we must take very good care of it. Your grandmother would be grieved if anything should happen to it."

Little Kin Chan took it in her hands.

"I don't think I like it very much," she said. "Hasn't it an ugly face!"

"Gr-r-r-r-r-rr-rr!" said the Crab from the corner where he was lying.

"Mother, I do believe he is jealous of this ugly china dog," laughed Little Kin Chan. "As if I could like it as much as I do him! Just the same, you mustn't touch it, Crab, or I will be very angry with you."

But the Crab didn't seem to hear. He bounded over to where she sat and tried to push the china dog from her lap.

"Out you go," said her mother. "You are a very silly little dog. We can't have you breaking the grandmother's precious toy even if we do love you the best."

Kiku appeared in the doorway. "Shall I buy some o-sake for the honorable dolls to drink?" she asked.

Little Kin Chan shook her head decidedly. "The Missionary Lady says that even Christian *dolls* wouldn't like o-sake," she said to her mother.

Her mother nodded. "I don't think they would, either. They will enjoy the o-cha much more and be better off."

Kiku smiled. She thought the Christian religion made people very kind. She liked to work

in this house where the family were followers of Jesus. "Hai, hai," she said, and went to get the cakes ready.

There were pink and white cakes shaped like cherry and peach blossoms. There were diamond-shaped mochi cakes made in layers, pink and white and green. There were thick slices of rice roll wrapped in seaweed, and, funniest of all, Kiku had brought some clams in their shells.

"At night, when we are asleep," she explained, "they will open their shells and come out, and the honorable dolls will be greatly entertained."

These were all placed on tiny tables at the foot of the shelves. On other tables were placed the tea things; little tea-sets with five tiny cups without handles, and a teapot; no cream jug, no sugar bowl, for Japanese do not take cream and sugar in their tea. Little silk cushions such as Little Kin Chan and her mother used were placed

around the tables, and, last of all, her mother put at each end of the bottom shelf a beautiful lantern. The decorations were complete.

That afternoon Little Kin Chan put on her prettiest kimono, for her mother had invited a number of their friends to have tea with them. The Missionary Lady was coming, too, and bringing with her some little American girls who had never seen the Doll Festival, or O Hina Matsuri.

Soon the click, clack of geta sounded on the walk outside. Little Kin Chan flew to the door. She slid it open and sinking on her knees made a low bow. "Good afternoon," she said gravely. "It is very kind of you to come and see me this afternoon. Please come up."

The children outside bowed in their turn and replied, "Good afternoon. It was more kind of you to invite us. We hope you and your mother are well." Then all of the greetings having been

They sat on the cushions and ate cakes

exchanged, they stepped out of their geta and up into the house.

They kneeled down in front of the dolls and admired them very much. Kiku brought them mugi-cha and cakes. They sat on cushions and ate very carefully, not spilling or eating too fast, for that would have been rude. Then, after the tea, they played games.

One game they played was called "Large and Small Lanterns." The trick of the game was that when you said "Large Lantern," you held your hands close together, as though you were describing a very small lantern; and when you said "Small Lantern" you held them as though they held a very large lantern indeed. One was constantly forgetting this strange rule and describing a small lantern when she said "Small Lantern." But if one did, one had to pay a fine. When Little Kin Chan said, "La-a-a-a-a-a-rge Lantern," she

held her hands very wide apart and had to give up her handkerchief as a fine. They were all shouting with laughter over this when they heard clump, clump, on the walk outside. The children all jumped up and cried, "It's the shoes of Yorokobi San and the American girls!"

It really was the Missionary Lady and the two American girls who were visiting her. The children called the Missionary Lady Yorokobi San, because when they first went to the class in the house-with-chairs she taught them a song called "I am so happy."

"And she really is always so happy, Mother," said Little Kin Chan, "and so we call her Yorokobi San, or Miss Happiness." The Missionary Lady thought it was a beautiful name.

The three took off their shoes and came into the living-room and tried to sit on the cushions. They didn't do it very well, and Little Kin Chan's

mother kept saying, "I am so sorry I have no chairs to offer you."

The Missionary Lady said they would much rather try to sit on the cushions. After they tried it a while they did very well, only one girl's feet went to sleep, and when she tried to stand up she fell over, which made everyone laugh.

Soon they were all playing another game. This time it was called "The Thunderer." Little Kin Chan brought a small tray and they all sat in a circle on the mats on the floor. Her mother and Yorokobi San played, too, and that was much more fun.

One girl sat in the center of the circle. She was the Thunderer. While she hid her face in her sleeve and said, "Go-ro-goro-goro-goro-goro," they passed the tray around the circle. Suddenly the Thunderer said, "Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-zpa!" That meant the lightning had struck. Whoever had

the tray when it struck had to be the Thunderer. It happened to be Yorokobi San. It amused the children to see her hiding her face in her hands. She had no beautiful long sleeves to use.

When they grew tired of playing, Kiku brought them tea and cakes, and the slices of rice roll, wrapped in seaweed with egg and ginger in the center. Yorokobi San liked those very much. When they had eaten the cakes, Kiku came with a great surprise. She had learned to make ice cream at the Y.W.C.A. cooking school, and had made some for today. The little American girls liked that best of all; they said it tasted like home.

After the refreshments they went into another room, and Little Kin Chan and her mother and one of their friends played a koto and samisen trio. The koto is a long harp which lies on the floor. Little Kin Chan played it very well.

It was quite late when Yorokobi San said, "We

really must be going. May we look once more at the wonderful dolls, Mrs. Sato?"

"Of course," replied Little Kin Chan's mother. "We are so glad you enjoy them."

They went back into the living-room and knelt once more to look at the dolls. Suddenly Yorokobi San gave a little cry.

"Oh, look, Kin Chan!" she cried. "Since when has the Crab become a part of the O Hina Matsuri?"

Little Kin Chan looked at the place where she was pointing, and there where her grandmother's precious china dog had been sat the Crab. He was looking very important, and his black ear was standing straight in the air, and he sat as still as the china dog had sat. They rushed around to the back of the steps, and there on the floor lay the china dog.

Fortunately the mats on the floor were very

soft and he was not broken, for which Kin Chan said a little prayer of thanksgiving. The next thing she did was to take the Crab down from his place on the shelves and give him such a scolding that his black ear drooped as far down as his white one did. He put his head on his paws and looked so sorry that everyone had to laugh. Just the same he had to be tied in his house again, and he got none of the ice cream and not a single cake.

MAY DAY

"MA watte, ma watte," whispered Little Kin Chan to her partner, Mi Chan, who was only five years old and always went the wrong way in the game. The Missionary Lady had asked Little Kin Chan to look out for her.

"Good-by, good-by, dear friend, we'll meet

again some day, day, day, we'll meet again some day, before the first of May."

The large circle of children which was going round and round in the garden of the house-with-chairs, separated, went round again in opposite directions, and came together again. Little Kin Chan sighed with relief. Mi Chan always did go wrong and the line always broke. This time it was all right and she smiled at the Missionary Lady a glad smile.

Smiles came easily to Little Kin Chan this bright May day. The garden around the house-with-chairs was abloom with flowers. Azaleas, lilies and roses shed their fragrance everywhere. The sky was cloudless and the air soft and warm. "Nippon bare," said the mothers and fathers of the children who came to watch the children at their games.

This was the third May Day which Little Kin

Chan had spent at the house-with-chairs. The Missionary Lady entertained the club and the fathers and mothers every year on this day. A tall May-pole was set in the garden, flower baskets were made for everyone, and this year Little Kin Chan had been asked to come early and help fill the baskets and arrange the cakes and candy on the plates.

"And to think, Mother," she said that morning before she started, "how afraid I was of my dear Yorokobi San the first time I saw her." Three years ago when her mother had taken her to the party for the first time she had cried. "I wasn't sure whether she was a man or a woman, and I thought her eyes were green like the eyes of a cat," Little Kin Chan continued. "But now all I know is that they are very kind eyes and I love her."

When everything was ready the guests began to arrive, and all the children came to the Missionary

Lady and held out their hands to shake hands, and said, "How do you do," and, "Thank you very much," in English. Little Mi Chan, to be sure, said, "How do you do, dear," just as the Missionary Lady said it. She was a little parrot and everyone thought that she was very cunning and they all laughed a great deal.

"It's this way, Kin Chan," the Missionary Lady explained. "You teach me Japanese and I'll teach you English and then when we can speak each other's language we will become better friends."

They had spread rugs and pillows on the grass for the guests to sit on, and when everyone had arrived, the children played games and sang the songs the Missionary Lady had taught them through the year. What a lot of games and English songs they knew! The Missionary Lady had taught them all the games she played when she was a little girl: "Did you ever see a lassie"; "The

farmer in the dell"; "London Bridge is falling down," and many others.

Then they danced around the May-pole, weaving the gaily colored streamers.

"We go to church and hear the preacher preach about Christianity," said one mother to the other, "and then we come here and see Yorokobi San live it."

At the last of the program there was a play. Little Kin Chan was to be an angel in the play. They stretched a curtain across one end of the garden and arranged the stage behind that.

"Kin Chan," called the Missionary Lady, "will you please go in the house and get me the music of the hymn we sing at the end? It's on the piano in the living-room."

In ran Little Kin Chan, glad to help, and feeling very proud indeed that she had been chosen. Just as she turned around to go she slipped, and

They danced, weaving the gay streamers

her foot struck a low table that was holding a beautiful blue vase. Down they went, Kin Chan, the hymn book, the table and the vase; there was a sickening crash, and the beautiful vase lay in a thousand pieces on the floor.

Little Kin Chan sat up, with a terrible fear in her heart. Outside the children were beginning the first song of the play. Evidently no one had heard the noise.

"I'll not tell her I did it," she thought to herself. "I'll just act as though nothing has happened and she'll think someone else or maybe her dog did it." Her eyes filled with tears but she brushed them back. "If I cry, she'll know I did it." Out of the door she walked, with her head held high; she gave the book to the Missionary Lady, and took her place among the group of angels.

The play was about a little boy who was

tempted by wrong thoughts to do wrong things, but always the angels sang so sweetly that he listened and did not do as the thoughts suggested. At the end in his dream Little Kin Chan was to come to him and say, "I am your 'ministering angel,' sent by the dear Father to guard you. You are his child, and his love is always watching and caring for you."

When the time came and she came out from behind the curtain, her voice shook so she could hardly say the lines. When she had finished she ran back again, burst into tears, and went to her mother. She would give no explanation of what was the matter, although both her mother and the Missionary Lady asked her.

"Perhaps she has worked too hard helping me today and is tired out," said the Lady. "Maybe she had better go into the house and rest on the couch in the living-room."

"No, no, no," sobbed Little Kin Chan. "Let's go home, Mother. I want to go home."

Her mother was puzzled and so was everyone else. What *could* be the matter? At last her mother stood up and said good-by.

As they went down the path they could see the children sitting down in little groups on the grass. The older girls were hurrying into the dining-room to bring out the cakes and lemonade. Little Kin Chan was to have helped. She was the only one who knew that there were to be straws with which to drink the lemonade.

"The children in America love to drink it that way," explained the Missionary Lady, as she took the straws from the box. "And I think that the children in Japan are just the same, don't you?" Kin Chan had been so eager to try it, and now she was going home before the lemonade was served.

As they went down the street, the sound of the little hymn of praise they always sang came floating to them sweet and clear. "Father, we thank thee for thy care, the food we eat, and the clothes we wear. Be present with us everywhere."

Tears filled little Kin Chan's eyes. She always started the hymn, for her voice was the clearest.

"But I can't go back and tell her now," she thought. "She'll think I am a very bad little girl and never love me again."

She didn't care for her evening rice, although Kiku had prepared Chawan mushi for her, which she especially liked. That evening, when her mother had tucked her safely in her bed-on-the-floor, she couldn't stand it any longer. Between sobs she told her mother all about the vase, and how she couldn't tell the Missionary Lady. Her mother listened gravely.

"But, Kin Chan, I thought you weren't afraid

of Yorokobi San any more. Why didn't you tell her?" she asked.

"She will be kind, but she will never let me help her any more," came the answer.

Her mother thought a long time, then, "You must tell her, Kin Chan," at last she said. "The first thing in the morning you must go over and tell her and say, 'Go men nasai.' I will go to see her myself later."

"I can't, I can't," wailed Kin Chan.

"Go to sleep now," said her mother gently, "and tomorrow we will talk again about it."

The next morning a sad little girl went slowly toward the house-with-chairs. She had decided she would rather go alone than have either Kiku or her mother go with her. With a fast-beating heart, she went up the steps and pressed the button which rang the bell.

The Missionary Lady answered the door her-

self. "I saw you coming and hurried down," she said. "Are you very much better?"

Tears filled Little Kin Chan's eyes. "I broke your vase. Go men nasai, please excuse me." She said it all in one breath and stood looking up at the Missionary Lady with frightened eyes.

The Missionary Lady knelt down and put two very loving arms around her. "Come inside, dear, and tell me all about it. We found it, but I supposed our naughty little dog had knocked it off and thought no more about it. How did it happen?"

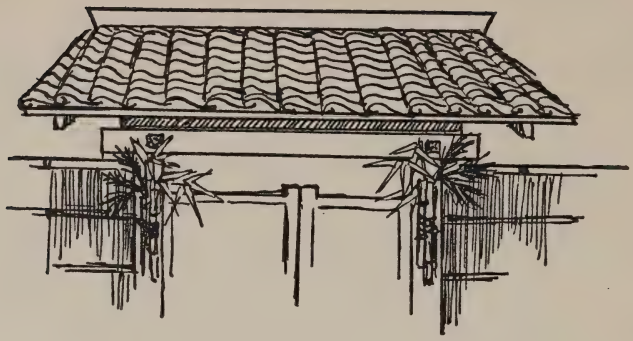
Sitting on the Missionary Lady's lap, she told the whole story. Some way it didn't seem half so terrible now she was here. When she had finished, the Missionary Lady said, "Why, Kin Chan, dear, that was just an accident. Anyone might have done that. Why didn't you come and tell me? I care for you so much more than

I do for the vase that I would not have been a bit sad. And to think you missed the lemonade!"

Then she insisted that Kin Chan wait a moment, and then she went to the kitchen and came back with two tall glasses full of lemonade, with straws sticking out of the top, and two plates heaped with cakes.

"We'll have a little May Day party all our own," she laughed. "We had your share and mine both left over, because I hadn't time to eat mine yesterday, so we will have them together right now."

"I think she did what Jesus would have done," Little Kin Chan told her mother afterwards. "She said, 'Vases don't matter, compared with friends,' and she smiled. She is a real Yorokobi San, isn't she, Mother? And, oh, Mother, isn't it fun to drink lemonade with straws?"



THE GOOD LUCK BEANS

"BUT why," asked Little Kin Chan, as she watched Kiku swishing the polishing cloth across the shining boards of the genkwan, "but why must we eat the beans?"

"I suppose it's to drive the evil spirits out of us." Kiku sat back on her heels and stopped working to consider. "Yes, that must be it. We scatter the beans in the house to drive them out of the house, and eat them to drive them out of ourselves."

It was the day before the New Year, and there were many things on foot in the house-with-many-windows. Kin Chan had fallen asleep the night before to the sound of the slip-slap, slip-slap of Kiku's duster as she cleaned and polished. Mother and Kiku had both worked early and late, so that everything inside and outside the house might be as clean and bright as a new pin before the New Year should come.

Today the men had come to make the mochi, and Kin Chan had been up since the earliest dawn. She and the Crab had stood a long time in the kitchen garden, watching the men's bare brown arms going up and down, up and down, as they wielded the heavy pounder that was making the white rice into dough.

"This year I am going to eat as many pieces as I am years old," she told the Crab exultantly. "Now that I am a big girl, it won't hurt me."

The Crab laughed and said, "Wan, wan," politely. Personally he thought that to eat as many pieces as one was years old wasn't much to boast of. He expected to eat a great deal more than that, and if he didn't, there would be one greatly disappointed small dog.

Then they ran around the house to talk with the old man who cared for the garden. They found him bending over a rose bush. He straightened up when he saw them coming.

"See, O Jo San," he said, "we will have roses on New Year's Day." Sure enough, the rose bush was covered with buds.

"Ojodzu," said Little Kin Chan, and looked around at the beautifully clean garden. The old man had worked as hard outside as Mother and Kiku had inside. It was as clean as the house. The gravel walks were brushed with a broom until there was not a stick or a leaf anywhere.

Every spear of grass had been carefully picked out of the garden, and only the soft green moss was left. The old man was very proud of the moss. It made the garden look as if it were very old, and he watered it every morning with the water in which Kiku washed the rice, to make it grow faster.

"Kin Chan," called her mother from the house, "I must go down to the town to buy a few things. You stay here with Kiku until I get back."

Kin Chan made a low bow to her mother. "I will be a good little girl while you are gone," she said.

After her mother had gone, she went slowly into the house. All morning she had been thinking very hard about what Kiku had said. How could people drive out devils with beans? She couldn't understand, but she was very eager to have them come and do it. If they didn't come,

Kiku said that the family would have bad luck all year long.

"I suppose," Kin Chan said to the Crab, "if we ate them we wouldn't be naughty all year. And we wouldn't break anything either, the way I did at Yorokobi San's house. I am sure it was a mean old devil that made me do that."

Just then from the street outside there came the long-drawn-out call, "Good luck beans to cast out the devils! Good luck beans to cast out the devils!"

"Now is a good time to have them in; the Oku-samma is away," muttered Kiku as she went to the door to call them. When the men came in, the Crab growled.

"Hush, Crab," said Kin Chan, "these are holy men and have come to help us." But they did not look like holy men. In fact they looked very much like the men who were making mochi in

the back garden. They scattered the beans all through the house and they gave some to Kin Chan and some to Kiku.

"If I eat them, will I be a good girl all year long and never be naughty?" Kin Chan asked.

One of the men laughed. Kin Chan didn't like him very well. Still he must be a good man.

"Hai, hai," he said, "and here are some for the dog. He must have some evil spirits, too."

After they had gone, Kiku and Kin Chan sat down with the Crab beside them and ate their beans. The Crab didn't like his very well, but Kin Chan made him eat two, as many as he was years old.

"We won't tell your honorable mother about the beans," cautioned Kiku.

"No," said Kin Chan, "we will wait and surprise her. She will wonder how we came to be so good and to have such good luck."

That night Kin Chan sat by her mother watching the New Year coming in and the old year going out. All the work was finished. Everything was as clean as could be. The bills were all paid, the food for the feast was all prepared. Kiku was putting the finishing touches on the miso soup out in the kitchen and singing a weird minor melody as she worked. The old was being left behind; the beginning of all new things was at hand.

Outside, on either side of the door, the customary New Year decorations of pine and bamboo had been set up. In the living-room on the tokonoma was the beautiful vase in which the pine, bamboo and plum branches had been skillfully arranged by Kin Chan's mother. The oldest painted scroll hung at the back of it, and at one side on a white wood tray were round, large white cakes of mochi. The spiced wine which is a part

of the feast in most Japanese homes was omitted, for Kin Chan's mother was a Christian.

"If your honorable father were here he would have it," Kiku said once, and Little Kin Chan's happy face looked suddenly very sad. She and her mother prayed every night that the dear father who was so far away might become a Christian, too, but no mention of it was ever made in his letters. Besides, the honorable grandmother was a very earnest Buddhist, and it would be difficult for him to disobey her, even though he was a grown-up man.

New Year's Day dawned bright and sunny. The first thing Kin Chan heard was her mother's voice saying, "Happy New Year!" in her ear. She hurried with her dressing and out she went to say the same thing to Kiku.

There was no snow where Kin Chan lived, but away up on the tops of the mountains near the

town she could see snow glistening in the morning sun. She could feel the crisp air on her cheeks, and yet the sun was quite warm enough for her to play out of doors.

Mi Chan and some of the other girls came over early, and for a long time they played battledore and shuttlecock. A new, beautiful battledore had been found beside the bed-on-the-floor when Kin Chan wakened that morning. When they tired of batting the feathered ball back and forth, they went into the living-room and played another game which they always played on New Year's Day. It was a kind of parchesi, but it also told one's fortune as one played. They had great fun over that. All of the girls wanted to be wives and have homes to take care of, and Kin Chan was so disgusted because it said she was to be a celebrated poet.

All morning the doorbell kept ringing and

ringing. Kiku, dressed in her best kimono, answered it, but no one really came in. They were mostly friends of Kin Chan's father, who came to congratulate her mother upon the New Year. They left their cards and then went on to the next friend's house. After the girls went home they had the New Year's feast.

As was customary on New Year's Day, Kiku ate with the family. Dressed in her best dress, she sat very properly behind one of the small tables and Mother San served her and Kin Chan. They had miso soup, vegetables, fish and many other good things, but the best of all was the mochi which they toasted over the hibachi. Kin Chan ate as many pieces as she was years old, and the Crab a great many more. Kiku tried it, but had to give it up. Twenty-five pieces of mochi are a good many to eat at one time.

"Now," said her mother, when they had fin-

ished, "I must go in to the city to see the honorable Grandmother, who is ill. I want you to play in the garden the rest of the afternoon. Don't go outside, will you, Kin Chan, for there are many people passing, and I would be troubled about you."

Kin Chan promised and ran happily into the garden with the Crab at her heels. Kin Chan was very clever at bouncing balls. She could bounce them before her, behind her, and play hop-scotch over them, and whenever she missed, the Crab always grabbed one and ran and they had a chase around the garden.

While they were playing, a loud noise came from the street. A drum was heard beating, and harsh strident cries came over the garden wall. The Crab began to bark and Kin Chan's heart to beat very fast. "Hush, Crab," she warned, "it's the Shi-shi."

Every year on New Year's Day the Shi-shi came around the town. They didn't really bring a lion but just men inside a lion skin, and another man pretended to fight with it and kill it. It was very interesting and a bit scary, and many children followed the men about and saw the fight over and over again. Kin Chan had always longed to follow them too, but her mother had never allowed it.

"Let's go to the gate and watch it a little while, anyway," she said.

The Crab was struggling to get away from her, and as soon as she let him go he shot out of the gate as fast as he could go. He wanted to investigate that queer noise and paid no attention to Kin Chan when she called him back. She followed slowly. When she reached the gate, she found that the Shi-shi had stopped at a house a little way down the street. The gate was open to allow

She had always longed to follow the Shi-shi

the New Year's callers to come in, so she slipped out. Kiku was entertaining some of her friends in her own room and didn't see her.

It was *so* interesting. The lion roared and stood on his hind legs and wagged his head from side to side in a terrifying fashion. The warrior in front danced and sang a song about brave deeds. Little chills ran up and down Kin Chan's spine. She called the excited Crab to her and held on to his collar. "Don't go too close," she whispered, "you might get hurt."

Just then the dancer made a lunge with his sword and the lion toppled over dead. The master of the house before which the Shi-shi had stopped sent them out some money; the dancer bowed, the lion came to life again, and then they all, with the crowd of children following, moved on to the next house.

"Oh, I do want to see it again!" said Kin Chan

to the Crab. The Crab struggled so that she couldn't hold him and away he went down the street after the crowd.

"How very naughty the Crab is," Kin Chan thought. "After he promised Mother to stay in the garden, too! Still, he ate those beans, so how can he be naughty? The beans cast out all the evil spirits, the men said so. I suppose he really *isn't* naughty. I want to go, too, and if it were naughty I wouldn't want to, for I can only do good things this year!"

At last she decided, and down the street she ran in the direction that the Shi-shi had gone.

She and the Crab followed the men all afternoon. At last it began to grow cool, and Kin Chan noticed that the sun was going down behind the mountains. She glanced around her. They were in an unfamiliar part of the town. Around them was a group of shouting children

she did not know. Still the men danced before the lion. Still he roared, wagged his head and died.

"Come, Crab," she called, "Mother will be home and will be wondering where we are. We really must go now."

The Crab refused to budge. In vain Kin Chan tugged and pulled at his collar. Tears came into her eyes. She was not at all sure where she was, and she was beginning to feel cold and hungry. Maybe she had been a naughty girl, after all. She had promised not to go out of the garden. Maybe the beans were not all the men had said.

The more she thought of it, the more sure Kin Chan felt that her mother would feel that she had been very disobedient. She scolded and tugged and pulled the Crab, but he wouldn't go, so at last she decided to leave him and go home alone. It seemed to her as if she had walked miles and

was no nearer home than she was when she started, when she heard Kiku's voice.

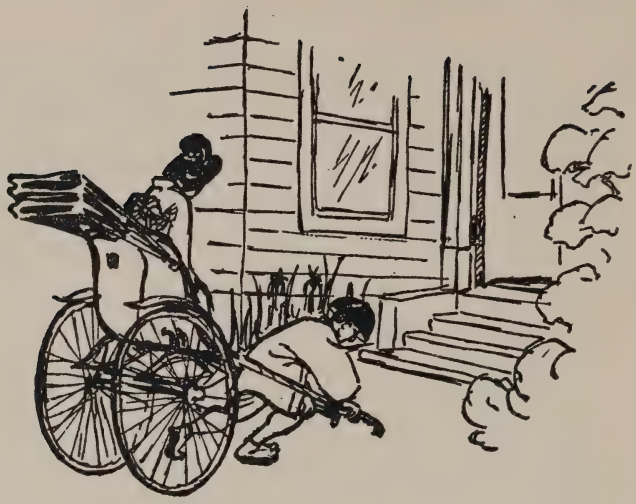
"She must have followed the Shi-shi," it was saying. Then she heard her mother's voice answer, "I am sure she didn't. She knows I don't allow her to do that. Oh, Kiku, I am so worried!"

Then they turned the corner, and a moment later Kin Chan was telling her mother all about it. When she got to the very most serious part, the part about thinking those beans could somehow make her good and somehow, too, help her to be naughty, her mother stopped looking sorrowful and actually began to laugh.

Then she said, "What a silly Little Kin Chan! Good-luck beans are just part of a game that people play. Kiku played the game as if it were true, but you and I ought to know better. How could beans possibly make little girls obey? I am

sure you won't want to cause me all this worry and distress again, will you? So let's not worry now too much about it. Tomorrow is the real beginning day, and we will begin all over again. Listen, that's the Crab! He has come home at last."

Kin Chan listened. "Wan, wan, please let me in, I'm hungry," came from outside the gate. They heard Kiku go down the path and open the gate. Then they heard her set out some rice and tie the Crab in his house for the night. Her voice came floating up to them as she started back into the house. "The beans you ate did you no good, you naughty dog," she said.



THE CHRISTMAS PLAY

USUALLY Little Kin Chan loved rocking in a rocking-chair. It was almost like a swing. She never sat in one except when she came to the house-with-chairs. But this day she was not rocking, nor was she looking at the book which the Missionary Lady had given to her to amuse her

while she waited. She was half listening to what the ladies were talking about and half thinking some very unhappy thoughts.

"Of course," she heard the Missionary Lady say, "I am always glad to have the Christmas party here, but the rooms are so small that many of the people who wish to come can't get in."

"The Buddhists wouldn't go to the church if we could have it there," said Ka Chan's mother, who had also come to sodan about the Christmas entertainment. "But we can't go there, because they are using the church that night for the dress rehearsal of their pageant."

"They won't let us have the school auditorium either, for I went and asked them," Kin Chan's mother said. "They think it's too Christian. It's just as well. Many of the parents who will come here wouldn't go anywhere else."

The Missionary Lady considered. "If we took

out all of the furniture and let them sit down on zabuton, it would make room for quite a number more," she said.

"Michiko San and Okiku San aren't coming, and Taro San said that his father told him that he and Tetsuo couldn't come, either." Kin Chan's voice shook a little, as they all turned astonished faces in her direction.

"Why, Kin Chan," exclaimed the Missionary Lady, "what is this you are saying? Michiko San is Mary in the play, and Taro and Tetsuo are two of the Wise Men. We can't have the play without them."

Kin Chan nodded miserably. "I know," she said. "Michiko San cried all recess time, and she said she didn't believe it, anyway. She wants to be Mary very much, and sing the song. She has practised and practised it."

The Missionary Lady turned a distressed face toward Kin Chan's mother. "Do you have any idea what she is talking about?" she asked.

"Kin Chan," said her mother, "come here, please." Kin Chan slid from the rocking-chair, and came to her mother's side with a very troubled look on her face.

"What were the children talking of at school today?" her mother asked her, putting her arms around her.

"Well, Mother, you know that Michiko San goes to the Buddhist Sunday school. And yesterday her teacher told her that they did not like Japanese in America, and if she went there they would call her 'Jap,' and make her come back to Japan again. And she said that Americans like Yorokobi San had better go home and make Christians out of their own people. And I told

her it wasn't true," and her voice broke entirely. "They are, too, all Christians in America, aren't they, Mother?" she wailed.

The Missionary Lady seemed very much distressed, but Kin Chan's mother just waited for her to go on with her story.

"Well," Kin Chan continued, "last night the priest went to see Taro San's father and told him he must not let the boys come here any more. He said that Yorokobi San did more harm than she did good, and he thought she should be sent home."

"Kin Chan," her mother said gently, "part of what they said couldn't be true. Yorokobi San is an American and she loves us, you know that, don't you?" Kin Chan stopped crying and sent a little watery smile in the direction of the Missionary Lady. "But," continued her mother, "part of what they said is true. Why, think, Kin

Chan, you know there were some people who did not love Jesus when he was right here on the earth. Of course there would be people who wouldn't love him now, and some of those are in America."

"But, Mother, why should *any* Americans call us Japs?" Kin Chan looked so sad that the Missionary Lady smiled.

"Kin Chan," she said, "do you know, when I first came to Japan I lived in a small town in the country, and sometimes the children used to run behind me crying, 'Ijin San, Ijin San' (Miss Foreigner), till I used to long to run away and hide. I don't think they meant to be unkind, they were just interested in me because I looked different, and of course they were thoughtless. I think it is for the same reason that they call you Japs in America."

Everyone laughed at the thought of Yorokobi

San being followed by a crowd of children, and Kin Chan felt much better.

"Now," said her mother, "if they say anything about this to you again, you just say that you know that Yorokobi San and Americans like her do love us, and that your mother thinks she is needed very much here in Japan. Now run out and play with the Crab and his mother in the garden. They look lonely."

The next day at school Michiko San came running to Kin Chan, her face beaming.

"My father says that if I want so much to go to the entertainment I may, and he will go with me. He said he didn't think it was very kind of my teacher to say what she did."

Kin Chan squeezed her hand. "Oh, I'm so glad!" she replied. "Now if Taro and Tetsuo could just come, the play would be all right."

They didn't see Taro and Tetsuo till that afternoon as they were going home from school.

"My father says we may go just this once, and that after this we may not go," Taro San told them. "He believed what that old priest said, but he is going to take us to the house-with-chairs on Christmas night himself."

Kin Chan went slowly home. She was very glad that the play was not spoiled, but there was a heavy spot still in her heart. What if they should send Yorokobi San home? How dreadful that would be!

"Well, anyway," she said to herself, "if Michiko San's father and the boys' fathers come to the entertainment they'll see the play and find out how good and kind Yorokobi is."

Christmas Day dawned very brightly. Early in the afternoon Kin Chan and her mother went

over to the house-with-chairs to help with the preparations. They found the large living-room looking quite like a Japanese room. All of the furniture in it and in the dining-room had been taken out. Only the piano and the Christmas tree which stood by the window were left. The Missionary Lady was troubled lest her guests find the hard floors uncomfortable. There were no soft mats covering the floors of the house-with-chairs.

"Don't be troubled," Kin Chan's mother assured her. "They will be so interested that they will forget the hard floors. They all like coming here."

Kin Chan and one of the older boys helped decorate the tree. "Do they have Christmas trees in America?" asked Kin Chan.

"Yes, indeed," the Missionary Lady answered. "When I was home the last time they had ever so

many out of doors in the city in which I lived, and many people came and sang Christmas carols around them on Christmas Eve. But do you know that many of the decorations for American Christmas trees are made right here in Japan?"

"Why couldn't we have ours outdoors next year, Sensei?" asked the young man who was helping. "I think it would be interesting to the whole neighborhood. There would be room for everybody then."

"Perhaps we can," she agreed, thinking that might solve the problem of how to get all the people there who wished to come.

By seven o'clock that evening the room was full. All of the club children and most of their parents had gathered in the house-with-chairs to see the Christmas play. Holly wreaths made of red nanten berries hung in the windows. Christmas wreaths festooned the walls. From the recess

by the window the Christmas tree shone in all its beauty, and the spirit of Christmas radiated from the happy faces of the children.

Kin Chan was especially happy. To be sure her part in the play was small. She was one of the group of angels that sang of the birth of the babe in the manger. Her voice was not so sweet as Michiko's, but it was strong and true, and she could always be depended upon to remember the places and start the songs.

The pain in her heart that had been there all week, since she first heard the unkind things that were being said about her dear Yorokobi San, had almost gone away. "They will find out tonight how good she is and how much we need her," she kept thinking to herself.

When she went to get dressed she put on her white robe and wound a piece of silver tinsel from the tree decorations into her hair. She loved

being an angel. It made her feel all warm and kind inside.

"There is nowhere else we can have so much fun as here," said Ka Chan while she and Kin Chan were helping the younger children with their costumes. "We never dress up and do things like this anywhere else. What would we do if they made Yorokobi San go home?"

The play was a great success. The shepherds had cunning sheep made of toy dogs cleverly covered with white cotton. They looked almost like real ones. One of the mothers made them and brought them with her in the jinrickshaw. You would scarcely have recognized the boys, they looked so foreign in their gowns and turbans. The angels sang the "Glory to God" song, and then Kin Chan told the shepherds to go now to Bethlehem and find the babe in the manger.

The fathers and mothers who were there had

The play was a great success

heard the story of the birth of Jesus, but they had never before seen their own little children acting it before them. The curtain was drawn, and there in a straw-littered stable sat Michiko San with a doll wrapped in white clothes, held lovingly in her arms. How sweet she looked in her little blue gown with the white veil on her head!

Kin Chan stole a glance at Michiko San's father when she began to sing:

"Here in my arms as I sing you to sleep,
Sleep, little King."

She was so glad Michiko San was singing in English. Her father was one of the professors of English in the college in the city, and he looked very proud of his little daughter as he sat watching her. The Christmas story seemed very real to Little Kin Chan and many of the others who were watching that night. The tiny baby, the sweet

little face bending above it, and the childish voice singing the lullaby that had been sung all around the world, made the story very real and went straight to their hearts.

When the play was over the Missionary Lady rose and began to speak. She told them again of the love of the Father, and how he so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son. How Kin Chan loved her as she stood there, her face shining softly and her voice full of gladness. Kin Chan felt that Michiko San's father looked very thoughtful as he listened to what she said. At last she said, "Usually we have gifts for ourselves on this tree, but this year the children decided to make it a really truly kind of Christmas and give gifts to others, so they are each bringing a gift tonight to give to the little children at the school for the blind. Giving to others is the real Christmas spirit."

One by one the children came, bringing their gifts until there was quite a little pile under the glowing Christmas tree. It was the first time they had done this, but they were all much happier than they had been in other years when the gifts on the tree had been for them.

"Mother, I heard Michiko San's father telling Yorokobi San how much he liked it!" Kin Chan told her mother as they were walking back to the house-with-many-windows. "And he gave her some money for the blind children, and so did Taro San's father. I saw them. Both of them said they were glad she was in Japan. I don't think they will send her home, do you?" said Kin Chan.

"No," answered her mother, and Kin Chan gave a happy skip. That was settled.

THE MIRACLE

KIN CHAN'S father was coming home. He had gone to England three years ago for the firm for which he worked, and in all that time he had not been able to come home. When he went away Kin Chan had been quite small. Now she was quite grown up, going to school and taking piano lessons. He would be surprised to see how tall his little girl had grown.

She remembered the boat on which he had sailed, and the little room in which he was to sleep. There had been beds in it like the beds in the house-with-chairs.

She remembered watching the ship as it slowly sailed out to the great sea. She had held one end of a red paper ribbon. Her father had held the roll, which slowly unwound as the ship sailed. There were many rolls of different colors, which he and others on the boat held as they went out of the harbor. It had been a beautiful sight to see the ribbons stretching out across the dividing water. Soon even these slender ties to the shore had broken one by one, and as the ship turned to go through the breakwater, they had lost sight entirely of the people on board and had turned to go home. Her mother had been sad for a long time after that.

"Why didn't he take us with him, Mother?" asked Kin Chan.

"Because of Grandmother, dear," her mother answered. "It's very hard for her to let Father go, and so she clings to us. It is much better for us to

stay at home this time. Next time perhaps he will take us too."

Kiku was scrubbing the house as though there had never been a New Year's cleaning. Mother was making Kin Chan and herself each a new dress to wear when Father came, and Kin Chan practised her new piano piece every minute she could spare from her school work, so she could play it for him perfectly. Even the Crab had a new trick. He had learned to sit up and shake hands.

"Father will be more used to shaking hands than to Japanese bows, he has been away so long," Kin Chan had told the Crab.

Father was coming home by the way of America. A letter came saying he had been ill and was delayed a bit, but now he was really on the boat crossing the ocean, and would be there in a few days.

The night before the boat was due, Mother came in to say the evening prayer with Kin Chan.

"Will Father be angry with us because we are Christians?" Kin Chan asked her.

"Not angry, but he may not understand, Kin Chan, and he may not want us to be baptized," her mother replied. For the first time since they had heard he was coming, her mother was looking troubled.

"Suppose when he came back, he should be Christian too?" said Kin Chan. Her mother shook her head.

"That would be a miracle," she answered, but she smiled a little.

"I don't care," said Kin Chan stoutly, "there *are* miracles. I think it is a miracle that Michiko San's father lets her come to the Christian Sunday school, and she says he bought a Bible after the

Christmas entertainment. Anyway, I am going to ask for *my miracle.*"

The next morning everyone was up bright and early in the house-with-many-windows. The boat was to arrive at noon in the city, and Kin Chan and her mother would have to go in by the train and take jinrickshaws from the station to the wharf.

"It seems almost like a dream, not like a real day at all," thought Kin Chan, watching the bare brown feet of the jinrickshaw man going spud-spud in the dust of the road as he took her swiftly down the hill to the station. When they reached the pier where the boat would land they found it already black with people. Some foreigners as well as many Japanese were expected on the boat. Kin Chan could hear many English words, some of which she could understand, being spoken around her. Many of her father's friends and all

of his family who could come were there to welcome him home. Her heart swelled with pride to think how many friends he had who would be glad to see him.

"There she comes," someone shouted, and little chills began to chase themselves up and down Little Kin Chan's back as she looked. The great ship was slowly rounding the breakwater and coming toward the dock. Coolies uttering hoarse cries came down to the platform, pushing a movable stairway down which the passengers would walk when the boat landed. Other men with strong ropes in their hands waited till the ship was near enough to catch these and pull alongside. As the boat drew nearer Kin Chan could hear a band playing. She looked eagerly along the deck to catch sight of her father's face, but she could not find it among so many. Suddenly her mother's hand tightened on hers.

"Look, Kin Chan," she cried. "There, on the second deck!"

For quite a while Kin Chan searched the faces, and then she saw him. His hat was off and he was bowing to the people on the deck. The friends on the deck waved their hats and shouted "Banzai!" Then the band began to play the beloved national anthem, "Kimigayo," and in a few more moments there he was beside them on the dock. He bowed to all of his friends, and to her mother, looked down at herself, and said:

"So this is the little girl I left!" and that was all.

Kin Chan knew that the real greetings would come when they were safely back in the house-with-many-windows. It would never do for Father to show how glad he was to get back, or how much he loved them, before all of these people, but she was content. She knew he was only waiting till they were home to say a great

many things he could not say here. She and her mother waited quietly until all of his friends had been greeted. At last it was over and they could go home.

Kin Chan's eyes shone with excitement and pride, but she sat very still between her mother and father on the train. Not until they were safely inside of the house-with-many-windows did she throw herself into her father's arms and say, "Oh, Father, I am so glad you have come back again!"

Her father held her closely in his arms and told her how much he had missed her. Such a happy time they had that evening. Father ate so much of Kiku's good dinner that he laughed at himself.

"I am so glad to get some real Japanese food again," he told them. "There is nothing in London or New York like this."

Kin Chan played her piano piece for him and

There is nothing in London or New York like this

he praised her until her cheeks grew red. He gravely shook hands with the Crab, and said he was a fine dog. But what surprised Kin Chan more than anything else was that he bowed his head, too, to give thanks at the table.

Two days after that he came and sat on a cushion beside her.

"Little Kin Chan," he began, "your mother tells me you are a Christian." Kin Chan's heart gave a jump.

"I have a story to tell you," went on her father, "that I am sure you will want to hear. While I was in England I stayed for a while in the home of a very wonderful man. He and his wife were Christians, and their home life was so happy that I determined we would have one just like it. They did not talk very much about it to me, but I understood it was because they were Christians that they lived as they did, and I used to think

about it a great deal. Then I was taken ill in New York, you know." Kin Chan nodded, her eyes wide with surprise. "While I was lying in my hotel feeling very homesick and miserable, a stranger whom I had never met came to see me. Finding me lonely and ill, he insisted on taking me home with him, and there he and his kind wife nursed me back to health. They, like the friends in England, were Christians. Kin Chan, I want you to know when you and Mother go to be baptized in the church, I will go with you."

"Oh, Father!" whispered Kin Chan. "But what will Grandmother do?"

"Grandmother is very grateful to the friends for taking care of me," Father replied, "and while she still does not understand, she has given her consent, since we wish it so much."

"But, Mother, it wasn't a real miracle," said Kin Chan as they talked it over. "Yorokobi San

was so like Jesus that she made us love him, and those people in England and America were so like Jesus that they made Father love him. But it wasn't a miracle."

Mother's eyes shone as the light from the other room caught them, and something glistened like a diamond in the corner of one.

"Little Kin Chan," she said, "I am not so sure."

GLOSSARY

Ar-rah .....An expression of surprise.
Ban-zai .....Hail.
Cha-wan mu-shi .....A steamed, unsweetened custard filled with vegetables and fish.
Fu-ro-shi-ki .....A bright square of cotton or silk used to wrap up parcels.
Gen-kwan .....The front entrance of the house.
Ge-ta .....Wooden clogs worn by the Japanese.
Go men na-sai.....I beg your pardon.
Go-ro go-ro .....The sound of thunder.
Hai .....Yes.
Hai ka-ra .....A slang phrase coined from the English word "high collar," meaning anything rather new style.
Ha-o-ri .....Winged coat, long sleeves.
Ha-shi .....Chop sticks.
Hi-ba-chi .....A fire box in which is placed a small fire of charcoal.
I-jin San .....Miss Foreigner.
Ki-mi-ga-yo .....The national anthem of Japan.
Ki mi ga yo wa .....The opening lines of the national anthem, which is sung as the opening song at all public exercises.

Ki-mo-no ..... Wearing apparel.
Ko-to ..... A Japanese harp.
Ma wat-te ..... Turn around.
Mi-so soup ..... A sweetened soup made of brown beans.
Mo-chi ..... A kind of beaten biscuit made of rice.
Mon-tsu-ki ..... Ceremonial dress.
Mu-gi-cha ..... A drink made of grain.
Nan-ten ..... A bush which bears red berries very much like holly berries.
Nip-pon-ba-re ..... A pleasant day everywhere.
O-Cha ..... Tea.
O Hi-na Ma-tsu-ri .... The Doll Festival.
O-jo-dzu ..... Clever.
O-jo San ..... A young lady daughter of the house.
O-me-de-to ..... Congratulations.
O-sa-ke ..... An alcoholic drink made of fermented rice.
Sam-i-sen ..... A musical instrument resembling a guitar.
San ..... Miss, Mister, Mistress.
Sen ..... A piece of money equaling one-half cent.
Sen-sei ..... Teacher.
So-dan ..... A consultation.
To-ko-no-ma ..... The artistic center of the living-room.
Yen ..... A piece of money equaling fifty cents.
Yo-ro-ko-bi ..... Happiness.
Yo-ro-ko-bi San ..... Miss Happiness.

Za-bu-ton .....The cushions which the Japanese use instead of chairs.
Z-z-z-z-zpa .....Lightning.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a, as in father.
e, as a.
i, as e.
ai, as i.
u, as in rule.
ch-hard—tch.

Princeton Theological Seminary Libraries
1 1012 01231 0787

Date Due

MR 3-'54			